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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. IV

AUGUST 13, 1942

NO. 17

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

by Bill Linkroum

New Steps in Flying

Andy (Oh You Kid) Denzel has added something new in Ground School. It's called the Rhumba Line Stomp. First you find the line and then you stomp on it. Andy says there ought to be a Conga line, too! He's got a good idea for it—Amazing, Dr. Clitterhouse!

The other day Andy took a ship up and we told him to be back in 20 minutes. Fifty minutes went by and we were getting worried, when finally Andy floated by and shortly nonchalantly sauntered up to the office to hand in his clearance. He claims he only made two landings. How are they biting out there, kid?

Finally, if Not Sooner

Once more we have three ships down at our Base. Good old No. 11, complete with new engine, is now being put in shape for our students. Floats will be added this week and a return to normal schedule is practically a reality.

For the past 10 days, our daily hours have averaged 14 a day. With two ships, we think that is pretty fair flying. With the third soon to take its place with the others, the hours should increase even more. It is due mostly to Wayne Tucker's constant attention and work that we have No. 11 almost complete at this date.

Students—Care and Handling

Wally Mountcastle soloed and believe me the soft drink container really took a licking afterward, too. Everybody suddenly developed an acute thirst which didn't help Wally's pocketbook any too much. In fact, I think Carruthers stepped up twice. Anyway, he yelled the loudest.

Buddy Shelton and Johnny Carruthers took their written exam for their Private Pilots license yesterday. Here's hoping. Both, according to Charlie Stahler, should take it in their stride.

Bob McKay is one of us down

Continued on Page 5

CARLSTROM FIELD R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

In the time of the last full moon there journeyed to the city of Miami, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, a group of the winged tribe known as flight instructors. These left their homes by the Field of Carlstrom to have a vacation from their work. Although this was to be a time of great joy and fun, troubles were visited upon the travelers.

Woe

The first of the trials and tribulations befell him who was called Fulford; as he was driving along to the city of play, behold, a tire (which was a rare thing in those days) blew out and caused the horseless carriage to execute what was known to the winged tribe as a "snap-roll." Fortunately, no one was injured, but all were unable to get out from the wrecked carriage. There happened along the same road another traveler—a Samaritan called Miller, who was known to his friends as Bucky the Pharisee.

Moved by compunction for these in the wreck, he procured a crowbar with which to pry open the doors. Heaving mightily on the iron with the strength of Samson, he was smiling in the exultation of his physical powers when the crowbar slipped and severed one of his teeth from its roots. But he wept not and only wondered at the Providence that made him the only casualty of the occasion, when he was not even an occupant of the wrecked carriage.

The Travelers Arrive

Once in the city of Miami these travelers met many others like themselves, who were there for vacation, and to attend the party given by Caesar Augustus Riddle, the ruler of their clan. Since this party was not to be for several days, the intervening time was spent in divers and various ways. All stayed at the inn known as Macfadden-Deauville, which had

Continued on Page 7



IT'S HAIL AND FAREWELL FOR YE EDITOR

A lot of the "gang" have come and gone in the past two years and several months, but this time, it's Ye Editor, Bud Belland, who's leaving the School . . . to go on active duty with the United States Naval Reserve. When asked for a statement, Ye Ed indicated that he certainly hated to leave all the swell guys and gals in Embry-Riddle, but on the other hand, was mightily pleased at the opportunity to "do his bit" on active duty with the Navy. Well, Bud, we're going to miss you, too, and to help pass those first few "lonely" days on your new post, we're going to suggest that some of the gang write to you. The address will be: Lieut.(j.g.) Fred C. Belland, A-V(P), U.S.N.R., —care NTS(1), Naval Air Station—Quonset Point, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

MUCHAS GRACÍAS

August 10 is the Independence Day in my country, Ecuador, and I cannot express my feelings when I saw the flag of Ecuador flying here at the school on that day. It is such gestures as these that have promoted strong friendship and love between nations.

Alone here in a strange country, I felt friendship and understanding when I saw my flag. The deepest and most sincere thanks of the three Ecuadorian cadets, Fernando Naranjo, Pedro G. Flores, and Segundo Yose Maya, to Embry-Riddle.

Back to the Deauville

Well, many of you girls and boys will be glad to know that we are going back to the Deauville for this week-end's Victory Vacation Party!

Swimming is in order from one o'clock, an extra special buffet supper will be held at eight and dancing to a swell orchestra from nine to curfew.

Gather up your bathing suits and your dancing shoes and let's make merry!

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION

Miami, Fla.

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE

Embry-Riddle Field

Union City, Tenn.

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE

Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

* * *

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, *President*

* * *

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while on active duty*

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*U. S. Army Primary School
Embry-Riddle Field
Union City, Tenn.*

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A. "JOE" WILLIAMS

SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBBETS
Staff Photographer

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Challenge!

Editor, the "Fly Paper":

Where's all that baseball prowess at this School gone? With the wind?

Well, it looks as though we finally have a team here that's on the ball. It's made up of a bunch of boys who have really got spirit and initiative—a real bunch of battlers.

But—what good does one team do? What good does the old army spirit do when we have no teams with any oomph to play against?

Come on, class leaders, get some teams up and let's start a league. Leave a class number behind to be remembered! Come on, men of future teams and teams now in action!

This is a challenge to you!

—C-42-A1-A2 Team Members

Kotsinadalis, manager; Chaykin, captain; Chervinko, Raucci, Fel-low, Shannon, Kimsey, Slusarz, Znotin, Rhodes, Grebe, Gayhart and Rinker.

P.S. A note of thanks to Major Stewart and Lt. Walker and Mrs. Burroughs for all they have done to help us along.

★

Note From Peg

Key West

Dear Gang:

Just received my second copy of the "Fly Paper." You don't know what it means to get news from "home." Even though I am not far away, it seems quite a distance. Working in the Navy Yard as I am, I certainly realize what this thing "war" is.

Good luck to all the boys being drafted, and "chins up," all you "war widows!"

Regards,
Peggy Cates.

★

Thanks, Mr. Riddle

Dear Bud:

Because I did not get a chance to meet Mr. Riddle personally, will you please convey to him my thanks for the opportunity of attending his school. I would like him to know that I consider it a special privilege to have been a student there, because the training has fitted me for a place in the war effort.

I started at Brooklyn Field here August 3.

I am still amazed at the amount of knowledge that has been con-

densed into a ten weeks' course. Although they told me here there were no openings for instrument men, they made one for me. I consider this a fine tribute to the Embry-Riddle diploma.

Please give my regards to the instructors whose tolerance and patience contributed so much to my education.

Best regards.

—Bob Harris,
(former instruments student)

★

Northshore Gets O.K.

August 11, 1942

Dear Editor:

Lots of people have asked me how I liked the party at the Northshore Hotel last Saturday night. Of course, I'll admit that there are plenty of pros and cons, but I can truthfully say that I liked it.

The whole place had such a pleasant, homelike atmosphere and the building seemed so new. The dance floor WAS a little small, but that was only because half of Embry-Riddle turned out to give the Northshore the once over.

I don't know just what the consensus of opinion is, but I would like to repeat the party at the Northshore.

—Martha Gene Mims

★

Gripe!

Editor, the Fly Paper:

Don't like to be a griper, but now that the uniform question is settled, the Kitty Foyles seem to be cooling off. At the last meeting there were only (censored) members present.

What's the trouble, gals? Don't you like the time and place meetings are held? Remember, it's a club for YOU.

—Indignant Kitty Foyle

★

From England

To the Editor
Embry-Riddle Fly Paper
Miami, Florida, U.S.A.

Dear Sir:

Through the courtesy of your publicity department and on behalf of my son who is a cadet in the R.A.F. and has done part of his training at Carlstrom and Gunner Fields, I receive regularly copies of your "Fly Paper," which I look forward to receiving with keen interest. The articles therein I find quite interesting and am greatly amused by the humorous expressions and extracts which are

not altogether strange to us over here in England also. From the "Fly Paper" I can conceive a good idea of the life our cadet students lead, so different from ours and yet founded on the same principle of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Through your magazine or by the passing on of this letter to one of your papers which circulate in your district, would you permit me to express my thanks and appreciation of the kindnesses and hospitality shown to our British cadets by so many of your North and South American families and people. I would like to add how very much the parents of our boys appreciate the good treatment which has been extended to them during the time they have been so very far away from their own homes.

I would also like to add that I send my best wishes to the Embry-Riddle "Fly Paper." Long may it flourish to establish a link between the flying youth of the United States of America and England, and also their parents and friends. My best wishes and thanks also to the editor of the "Fly Paper" and to all concerned with the publishing of the same.

Again thanking you,

Yours faithfully,

—Mrs. L. R. Raybould

1 Lonsdale Road

Bournemouth, Hampshire,
England

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

"HEY YOU GUYS"

*It's truly time we throw a punch;
It's time we hit the foe;
What is it that we're waiting for?
Come on, you guys, let's go!*

*You want your homes and folks
and friends
And all that you hold true;
Then let's pitch in and win this
war!
That's all we've got to do!*

*Let's really show them how to
fight!
To do, and die, and win;
Let's get it over quick! I say,
And get back where we've been.*

*We'll surely put them on the run;
We'll lick them to a man!
I guess they just don't know it yet,
But, we're the boys that can!*

*So on your feet and fall in line!
We'll make those sinners pay!
For what they did, December
seventh,
To our good old U.S.A.*

—Anonymous

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor

James Glover, Writer; Miss Jane Bratton, Kin Stiverson,
Lynelle Rabun, A/C Frank Conrad, A/C Hal Richardson, Associates



Mess Hall — Outside . . .

Our Mess Hall has one large dining room, an Officers' and Instructors' Mess, and also a Mechanics' Mess. Located on the right wing of this building is the Recreation Hall, in which, during time off, a great number of the Cadets are found doing a large amount of hangar flying while they enjoy refreshments. Others may be seen enjoying articles read from a large supply of the latest magazines and newspapers, in-



. . . and Inside Views

cluding articles the FLY PAPER, with a background of music furnished by the large electric nickelodeon and some talented pianists and singers.

There are table tennis sets, pin ball machines, and various other types of games to meet the social needs of all the men. A completely equipped, modern barber shop keeps the Cadets spic and span and ready for personal inspection as well as presentable to the pretty girls when on week-end leaves. And by the way, the recreation hall boasts a new soda dispensary that is hard to beat.

Good Eats

We are proud that our Field has one of the most modern equipped kitchens to be found any place in the South. It is under the supervision of our steward, Mr. Baker, and the meals are prepared by our highly capable chef, Bert Taylor. Everyone is delighted with the meals served thus far and extends a hand of thanks to everyone connected with the Mess Hall for the services they have rendered to date.

Visitors

Among prominent visitors dur-

ing the recent visit of Boss Riddle and Len J. Povey was Major Ray J. Stacker of Maxwell Field. Major Stacker is the Assistant Air Corps Supervisor for the Southeast.

Our former Post Surgeon, Lt. Harold A. Timreck, has been transferred to Randolph Field, Texas. He is succeeded here by Lt. Fred E. Murphy.

Mr. Haynes, Superintendent of Ground Maintenance, has added one more to his long list of accomplishments—lectures to new Cadets upon the proper use and care of fire-fighting equipment available on the Post. A happy man is Mr. Haynes since the summer rains have settled the dust, thus decreasing the work of his boys.

New Additions

Well, fellows, the Ground School is growing with the recent addition of Mr. Joe McClure of Rives, Tenn., as Meteorology Instructor, bringing the total number to four. Mr. McClure has had six years' teaching experience, most of which has been in the field of science.

Up in the Administration building, we find a new, but familiar, face, that of Mrs. S. M. "Betty"

Lightholder, known here as the wife of Michael Heavydropper. She is the secretary to Messrs. Brinton and Sparks, our manager and his assistant. She, too, is a Floridian, hailing from the City of Miami—and a bride of two months.

Miss Constance M. "Conny" Young has returned to Miami to spend her vacation with her parents. We don't know just when she will return. She is envied by many, having access to the beaches of Miami so soon after the opening of the new Field.

Dusty Weather

Activities have been many down on the Flight Line this week in spite of the fact that rain has hampered operations for a few mornings and afternoons. But to get rid of the dust, we could use a flood.

We announce the arrival of our jovial friend, Chick Clark, and his wife, from Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Fla., to take over the duties of Flight Commander. He will be assisted by the highly capable Johnny Brannon. Other promotions were the appointment of Hunter Galloway as Assistant Flight Commander to Flywheel Jones and Ray Ryan as assistant to Potter Smith.

Seems as if Hunter Galloway has the idea a parachute makes a good sun-suit or something. Anyway, he hanged his clothing out on the porch of the Parachute Department and wore a chute. 'Ts all a big mystery to me!

Bing Bang!

Ken Stiverson has added a new Flight Dispatcher to his group of workers—William Baker. Charlie Sullivan is battling a thousand percent this week with four new refreshers passing their final Army check. Their names: Jim Long, Charles Vowell, Mose Jones, and Bing Bangs (not plural for shotgun blasts but the name of a new instructor).

It doesn't take long to note the absence of our Assistant Director of Flying, Boots Frantz, who has gone to Maxwell Field for several days. We all hope he will obtain considerable information while there and will return with new ideas to aid our flight operations.

Swap Shop

A Great Business Transaction has taken place here the past week—the trading of Flight Instructor Fred Lack's Cub Cruiser for Instructor Jessie Tate's Culver Cadet. They both seem to be well satisfied, especially Lack since the Culver will make a faster trip to Paducah, Ky., for his regular week end visit—(with herrrrrrrr!)

This past week, quite a number of the Field employees were complaining of having sore necks as the result of a PT being put thru its paces by Roscoe, our Manager. Upon landing the Cadet riding with him, said, "My Cadet handbook doesn't have all those maneuvers in it, so will you please explain them to me!"

Cadet Chatter

No one can deny that there's plenty of corn of the farm variety hereabouts, least of all A/C Bill Studer. He'll even tell you how tall it grows, and how pesky it is when it surrounds an auxiliary field. It appears to reach right up out of the ground and bestow an ever-so-gentle caress to one's alighting gear, doesn't it, Bill?

While we're on the subject of caresses, there is our Mr. Glover, who teaches Navigation to us intrepid airmen. Now don't blush, teacher, for this has nothing to do with the gentle art of osculation. We're only referring to the manner in which you give us "rest" at the start of each class. Like mercy "it droppeth as the gentle rain, etc." It soothes the spirit and makes one want to assume the horizontal and resume one's pre-reveille exercise. But please, dear reader, don't get us wrong. Mr. Glover really makes his vestors vibrate and there's nothing dead about his reckoning.

New Lower Class

A new lower class arrived today and found Riddle Field much improved over what it was when we pioneers first set foot on this grassless soil. Now tender blades of grass are timidly poking their way into air broken by the clatter of PTs, and the dust no longer confounds our weary steps. Here's a welcome to the class of 43B, and a wish for their success here at Union City. And get those gross chins in, Masters!

Dark Moments

The prize of the week—a brass clad spittoon—goes to A/C Matt Redmond, Louisiana's gift to life's darker moments. A cross tee, down wind landing of his brought five stars from Lt. Kleiderer, ordinarily a peace-loving man, and an additional award of two stars imposed by Mr. George Washington "Flywheel" Jones. To make the lesson more graphic, Mr. Jones caused the lanky Southerner to march out to the tee and with parachute on, to walk around it 20 times and return.

That's all the chatter for this week, but we can promise much more next week when our underclassmen, the dodoes, take to the air. More hangar flying! Bye now!

THE CHALLENGERS



TECH SCHOOL—This is the far famed Tech School baseball team, mentioned in a Letter to the Editor on Page two. They're rough, tough and hard to handle and are itching for some competition. What do you say?

TECH TALK

by Grace Roome

If this week's Tech Talk "ain't" what it should be, you can all blame me for my ignorance and inexperience at this sort of thing.

Here Goes

Well, here goes—with the help of a certain very charming lady I give you the "dirt" so to speak:

George Ireland who has been with Military Engines is now hard at work in Jim Blakeley's department—to say nothing of the very attractive Joy Mason transferring over to Ted Treff's Department, from Jim Blakeley's.

Virgil Has a Birthday

Virgil Kittrell celebrated his 29th birthday on August 7th (or is it a military secret) and his wife gave him a lovely party. Evidently Virgil always has something to celebrate as last evening the Kittrells entertained Colleen Breslin and Bill Shanahan (that devoted couple) at a steak dinner.

Mrs. Dorothy Burton drowned her sorrows over her sick hubby at the San Juan, partaking of a very excellent duck dinner.

Jack Flowers is back to the fold again and is working for Jim McShane, and Bob Colburn has gone over to Military Engines from Mr. Gile's office.

Bill Burton Hospitalized

How about some of you folks trotting over to see the ailing W. R. Burton who is now in Room 332 at Jackson Memorial Hospital? I also hear Dick Colander, one of our Latin American chums is lying in at the same place. We all hope for a rapid recovery of both and will

keep the welcome mat handy for your return.

Two at a Time

Martha Gene Mims will have to grow three hands if those three Embry-Riddle-ites think they can hold her hands all at the same time—Please boys, two at a time so form your line to the right. Gene is also sporting a very gorgeous compact from one of our students.

Mrs. Burton reports the outstanding contributor to the Library for this week is Mrs. Wain Fletcher. One of her many gifts being the so-popular "Low Man on a Totem Pole."

At the Northshore

A good time was had by all at the Northshore last Saturday and a goodly crowd was there. Among those seen were Lucille Valliere attended by Messrs. Sasco, da la Pina and Gene Mueller. Anne Elrod, very lovely in a blue evening formal dancing with Willie Rivas, in well-cut white linen mess-jacket. The best dressed couple at the party, Lillian Bradford was there too with her tall good-looking husband and one of the school belles, Minnie Virden.

Mr. A. W. Thorgmorton, and wife were also present and their party consisted of the Kittrells and Bob Colburns.

Desmond McRory is back with the Aircraft Department as an Instructor, and Madge Kessler is now the new ledger accountant. Congratulations.

Drabeks Re-united

Mr. Giles reports that Helen Drabek has finally reached her destination and all's well as she is now

with her "honey" and is again a very happy girl. Sorry to see her go but we are all glad she is able to be with her husband again.

Come On, Kitties

Two of our "Kitty Foyle's" are now enjoying vacations in the north—June Magill in Washington and Helen Hirsch in New York. Lucky girls. By the way you gals, talking about the "Kitty Foyle's," how about everyone going all out to make this a real organization. At the last meeting too few attended, making it impossible to accomplish what we set out to do. There will be a meeting this week and our Executive Body would appreciate everyone attending as there are a number of important items to be discussed. So COME ON—ask your dates to cooperate and give you a couple of free hours to attend this next meeting in full force.

My paying customers are calling me—so I'll hurry back to something I can handle and leave the job of writing to someone who knows how. However, I am pleased to have been asked to submit my humble collection of tid-bits.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

VICTORY VACATION AT THE NORTHSORE

Last week-end's Victory Vacation Party, in its new setting, was a huge success. The beautiful Northshore Hotel, on Normandy Isle, was a perfect background for an afternoon of relaxation and an evening of gaiety.

And, boys and gals, it was plenty gay. Morris Weiss' orchestra catered to the crowd with snappy numbers for the youngsters, dripping waltzes for the oldsters and Rhumbas for our Latin-American brothers and sisters.

That Steak!

That steak dinner—served in the dining room and around the terrace—was a feast to be bragged about. Late in the evening Bill Pecks M.C.'d at a smart little floor show and gave tribute to Ye Ed, Navy bound.

Ye Ed, obviously proud of his spic and span "whites," was all too brief in his farewell speech, but received a roaring applause.

Two Brides

"Boss" Riddle put in his appearance in the course of the evening and two brides were there with their husbands—one of a few weeks back, Mrs. Luis Rafael Gazituas, and the other of a few hours, Mrs. Charles E. Howard.

More than two hundred members of the Embry-Riddle Company, from all branches joined in

on one of the grandest Vacation parties and there is no doubt that a good time was had by all.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

WHERE DO THEY GO?

Here's another list of ex-students of the Tech School and where they have gone since completing their various courses.

G. H. Foster, Piper Aircraft; J. V. Miller, Piper Aircraft; William Feldman, Ellington Field Sub-Depot, Houston, Texas; Edward Bleckner, West Palm Beach Civilian Training Center; Walton Neisler, Hendricks Field; Sam Kelley, Drew Field, Tampa; H. T. Johnson, Drew Field, Tampa; William Benton, Drew Field, Tampa; Noah Fleisher, Columbus, Mississippi; Charles, Wakeman, Columbus, Mississippi.

Air Ferries

Stanley Bayles, Pan American Air Ferries; James Gartner, Pan American Air Ferries; William Jones, Pan American Air Ferries; James Rush Dye, Pan American Air Ferries; Floyd Jones, Tampa Shipbuilding Co.; Edward Moore, Tampa Shipbuilding Co.

Embry-Riddle

Max Lubin, Embry-Riddle; Alexander Troy, Embry-Riddle; R. L. Kinnett, Embry-Riddle; H. Eagleson, Embry-Riddle; J. W. Hinton, Embry-Riddle; Carl Carlson, Hendricks Field.

Intercontinent

R. W. Buzzela, Intercontinent; R. A. Rineheimer, Intercontinent; Andrew Leach, Intercontinent; Mrs. F. B. Klein, Intercontinent; J. L. Seymour, Intercontinent; Allan Goldberg, Tyndall Field, Panama City, Fla.; Milton Goldberg, Tyndall Field, Panama City, Fla.

J. W. KEELIN



AH, WEDDING BELLS!

Cutting the wedding cake after the ceremony are this happy pair, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Howard, married August 8 at 8 p.m. Charlie is in Maintenance, and the Missus, formerly Ruby Cobb, was with the Company working in the Cafeteria. The couple celebrated at the Victory Vacation Party at the Northshore later on, with many relatives and friends.

SEAPLANE BASE

Continued from Page 1

here and is building up his time in a seaplane. Bob likes it so much, perhaps we might be able to keep him here to finish his Private.

Idle Chatter

William Waters, our Deputy Clearance Officer, is now a member of the very exclusive Sailboat Club. He got his membership the hard way. Johnny Carruthers and Buddy Shelton initiated him by dunking him in the bay the other evening. Waters is the name, boys! You could tell by the sail that the boat was still there.

The whole plot was hatched by Carruthers—in fact, both their wallets were left lying on the dock. Premeditated, that's all. Mrs. Howard Bond was having a party on her boat, and the commotion caused them a few minutes of hilarious laughter.

One of Ev. Swans' very good friends, Bill Miller, is out at Tech School taking a Mechanics A & E course. How about getting Bill to come down here for a spell, Ev? He will be a valuable man when he gets his ratings.

New Faces

It is our pleasure to be flying Mrs. Benson, of the Princeton Bensons, and a very charming friend of hers, Peggy Wittmer. Mrs. Benson is the proud possessor of an instrument rating, and we think that quite an accomplishment. Another refreshed student is Presbrey who will take the 15-hour course with us.

News Flash

Ev. Swan just got his grades from Washington on his Private written. His average was 85, which ranks second so far on Charlie's list of results. Art Griffiths holds the record so far with an average of 87. Ev. really knocked Aircraft maintenance for a loop—he reeled off a 97 in it. Nice going!

Budge To Play
At Clewiston

Tennis minded Riddle Field will see Don Budge play an exhibition match on Wednesday, August 19, at 2:30 p.m.

And then there will be a tennis clinic, so be there and try your skill at wielding the well known racket. Budge will give free instructions.

KITTY FOYLES
MAKE PLANS

The object of the Kitty Foyles Club is to promote friendship among the employees, cooperation between the various departments and to help the new employee become adjusted and to know her fellow workers. It also aims to be the medium through which little differences can be ironed out and improvement in working conditions be presented to the Company executives.

In order to get this organization really going you, you and you should make an effort to put in your appearance at the meetings.

Last Friday afternoon the attendance was very, very poor. In fact, so few turned up that it was impossible to conduct the meeting so that it would carry any weight with the members.

President Skinner thereupon decided to send out ballots to determine just how many members would be active and how many inactive. The former will have a voice in the activities, pay dues and receive benefits.

Just as this paper goes to press there is a meeting being held to vote on the Constitution and to decide upon the time and the place of the monthly gatherings. We hear that the Seven Seas has been suggested and that there is the possibility of a guest speaker—we hope that the attendance is so great that the floors of Classroom A groan and the walls bulge.

DORR DOINGS

Jack Whitnall, Editor
Ed Morey, Assistant

The new link trainer building is fast taking shape, but as yet we don't know how many trainers we will have. The building is situated just outside the drive north of the hospital.

Grading and sloping of the shoulders on the drive progresses rapidly, ably supervised by Wade Hampton. If you must park your car on the drive, please don't leave it on the shoulders. Mr. "Fog Horn" Riley has also had a cleanup squad around the hangars. It's a big improvement. Believe me, that man can get things done.

Food

One of the biggest jobs here is the feeding of the Cadets. We often wonder how Mr. Nicodemus and his crew turn out around 1,600 meals a day, at one time, too, and well cooked. Personally, we can only fry an egg, and we're right proud of that. But we don't care about dish washing—who does?

The cooks and helpers come to work about 4 a.m. and by 6:45 breakfast is ready—cereal, fruit, eggs and bacon, toast, coffee, and milk. Certainly takes cooperation to turn out three meals a day for that many people.

Cullers' Coolers

Again, we're proud of Superintendent of Maintenance, Mr. Cullers. Following a recent inspection, he was highly complimented by army officials for having such clean and thorough operations. Also Mr. Cullers is still busy originating

conveniences which enable the entire Maintenance personnel to speed up production and in general perform their duties in a more efficient manner. For instance—the addition of a barrel crane, airplane jack, portable wrecking crane, and the water coolers added to each auxiliary dispatcher's tower.

These water coolers are all made out of scrap material, but are most effective and look as well as high priced ones.

More Visitors from Riddle Field

Bob Fowler, Ground School Instructor: "By Jove, ol' bean, where did you get the haccen't?" and did ja notice the epaulets!

For service with a capital S, posies go to Miss Jimmie Mills of the Canteen. Gerald "Stinky" Taylor orders one empty plate, one knife and fork, salt and pepper and catsup, two pieces of bread, and a glass of water. This he got with all the speed and courtesy our Canteen is famous for. Then Stinky pulls out a paper sack. In said sack is one friend fish, gift of his fellow dispatchers! which was eaten with gusto.

Here and There

The ladies remark that Mr. Nicodemus has one of the nicest telephone voices on the Field. Gosh, am I jealous!

Papa Kitchen has been going around with his chest stuck out. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. K.

What Doug Hocker needs is a motor scooter, the same as they have at Carlstrom. But anyone having a secondhand mule might bring it around for a demonstration. No saddle needed!

Welcome to the Family

Mrs. Annie Laurie Clark, Time Department; Albert Bennet, Parachute; Freddie Lewis, transferring to Army; Miss Mega Mills, Lois Mills, and Zara Hoff, all of the Canteen.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

"SWEETHEART OF THE NAVY"

Eric Linden — Cecilia Parker

Monday, August 17th—Riddle Field

Tuesday, August 18th—Dorr Field

Wednesday, August 19th—Carlstrom Field

Thursday, August 20th—Miami Technical Division

★ ★ ★ ★

Feature Picture

"OUR TOWN"

William Holden—Martha Scott

Thursday, August 20th—Riddle Field

Friday, August 21st—Dorr Field

Monday, August 24th—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

TENNIS CLINIC

Tennis fans, take note. Don Budge will be here at the Tech School at 5:15 Friday afternoon to give free instruction to students, employees and Army personnel.

Bring your own rackets and tennis shoes, Don will have the rest of the props, and let's see what he can do to improve your game, which will be plenty.

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Paul Prior, Nelva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Roger Franklin, Ralph Thynge, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amoss, Associate Editors

Starting back to work after a week's leave is a difficult thing to do. Likewise, trying to write a column after a week's leave is difficult too, but here goes an attempt, anyway.

Stories, such as "Gee, I had a swell time," "Boy, you ought to have seen that blonde I was with Tuesday night," "I just slept all week," "Did I tell you about the Major and me at the Deauville"—etc., circulated through the camp this week, as the fellows got tougher for some "bull" sessions on their leave.

At any rate, that's all past history now, so it's down to work again—all business for another few weeks—let's "Keep 'em flying."

Two Busy Men

A couple of fellows who are doing their share of work at the Field get some attention this week.

Mr. A. E. Ball, the barber, is our first "busy man." On duty constantly from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. six days a week, Barber Ball is quite busy keeping all the boys in good trim. In addition to doing all the barber work for the Cadets, he also does quite a bit of barbering on a number of the Field personnel.

Mr. Ball's shop, which is located in the Canteen, has very modern and complete equipment, thereby enabling him to do the best work. He has been in this business for several years, and is quite "the thing" in barbers. He, with his wife and family, are living in Moore Haven.



"Ball the Barber at Work"

Our other doesn't-have-a-minute-to-spare man is Al Garrone, in charge of the Paint Shop. Besides supervising this department, Al is kept busy displaying his talents as

a sign painter—and brother, Al wields a mighty fancy brush. Examples of his fine work can be seen in many of the departments around the Field. One of the best examples of his fine workmanship is the large Flight Bulletin Board in Squadron Leader Burdick's office. Desk signs in the Administration building and Link Department are also his works.

We persuaded Al to do a drawing for us, which he has done very efficiently. He calls it "Three Limbs from the Unholy Tree," or, by adding an h, we could make it the Unholy Three. Besides being a fine drawing, it is also a good job of photography, the picture having been taken by Ted Taylor of Red Flight.



"Three Limbs from the Unholy Tree"

More Wedding Bells

The marriage spree which hit the Embry-Riddle family sometime ago, is being revived here at Riddle Field.

During the past week, it was A. W. "Jinks" Lyndon, Link Instructor, who "dood" it. Jinks and Miss Elizabeth Palmer of Fort Pierce, Fla., were married in Fort Pierce on Saturday, August 1.

J. W. Hawkins, Primary Flight Instructor, also took the long walk. He went home to Lynchburg, Va., and came back with a Mrs., the former Leanna Tansley. They were married Thursday, August 6, in Lynchburg.

To both couples—CONGRATS, and loads of HAPPINESS.

We have also heard rumors of another wedding—someone in the Maintenance Department, we believe, but we were unable to get any details on it.

Cadet Chatter

Quotes—

Red Flight—"My, what a beautiful ship."

Blue Flight—"Wonder what these things are like."

Green Flight—"Ho Hum, seven more weeks."

Yellow Flight—"Gosh!"

Correspondents Wanted!

The new Yellow Flight arrived last Friday, and by now, know their way around Riddle Field. We're glad to have you with us fellows, and hope you enjoy your stay here. And, by the way, we need a correspondent from your Flight for this scandal sheet, and would appreciate any volunteer for this position (salary is double the Editor's). Also, any would-be poets or cartoonists are invited to join our little family circle. Just notify Ye Ed, and "it shall be."

Proud as peacocks and at the head of the list, is the most distinguished and honorable Red Flight. Seriously, these fellows have worked hard to get to the final round, and deserve a lot of credit. The leaders of this Flight, whose pictures we've been meaning to print for some time, are:



Section Leader Tom Whitehead, Course Commander Frank Pegg and Section Leader Laurie Coupland

Green Flight fellows still talk about that blankety blank flat tire that caused the Miami bus to be late last Sunday night.

Oh, the Blue Flight, well golly, they are so happy to get rid of those darned old yellow flashes. After all, 14 weeks is a—uva long time.

Swimming Next

The next Sports Meeting will be a swimming meet, tentatively set for Saturday morning, August 29. So come on you RAFers, get some swimming hours in.

Flying Officer W. L. Reinhart, of the R.C.A.F., has been added to the staff here, as Navigation Officer.

Pat Smythe, a member of new Yellow Flight, is a nephew of Joyce Ann Struther, who, as many of you will recall, wrote the famous book, "Mrs. Miniver," under her pen name, Jan Struther. Pat is also quite the thing at the ivories, according to the rest of

his Flight, and has promised a demonstration in the near future.

Last Call for Civilian Tennis Tournament Entries

Yes, after Monday, the drawings for the Civilian Tennis Tournament will be made, so all who wish to enter, should do it now. Both singles and doubles matches will be played.

Complete results of the Cadet Tennis Tournament finals, which were played after our copy deadline, will definitely be printed next week. These winners will have the privilege of representing Riddle Field in the exhibition matches with Don Budge, which will be played on a date to be announced later.

Man of the Week

Harry J. Lehman, Chief Instructor, is the Man of the Week this issue.

Harry was born in Pine Grove, Pa., on October 17, 1913. He graduated from elementary and high school at that place, before taking two years of preparatory schooling. He then completed a year of education at the Columbia Institute of Technology. In 1932, Harry joined the Air Corps, and served with them until 1934.

He then went to the Beacon Aviation School at Alexandria, Va., and instructed there until 1939. In that year he went to the Brinkerhauf Flying Service as an Instructor, that service being located at College Park, Md. Here he instructed both Primary and Secondary C.P.T. programs and did some C.A.A. pilot research.

He came in the Embry-Riddle Company, starting as an Assistant Flight Commander at Carlstrom Field in Arcadia, and in July of the same year, he came to Clewiston, serving one Class as Primary Instructor, then moved up to Basic and finally to Advanced. Since that time, he has been made Chief Instructor, in charge of all Instructor and Refresher training.



Harry was married in 1938 to Miss Mary Reid, and they are now making their home in Clewiston. Mr. Lehman is six feet tall and

weighs 165 pounds. He drives a 1941 Buick. (Quote from Harry—"Darn, those things use a lot of gas.")

He has done much to organize the instructors, particularly the refreshers, and deserves a lot of credit for a lot of good work.

Personal Prattle

Kenny Berry, popular hospital attendant, and Associate FLY PAPER editor, left the first of the week for his home in Pottstown, Pa. Kenny had been at Riddle Field for sometime, and was always very efficient and conscientious in his work. He was also the right-hand man as far as the FLY PAPER was concerned. A lot of good luck to you, Ken. Ken's place at the Infirmary has been filled by Harold Kemp, formerly of Miami.

The story about the new Link building which we promised for this week will have to be postponed until next. Reason—we have not got a picture of the new place yet.

TROUBLES OF A FLIGHT COMMANDER



RIDDLE FIELD: Being a Flight Commander ain't all the fun it's supposed to be. Here's a camera's eye view of some of the boys from Gunners Flight making a gentle request for something or other. We don't know what, but judging from the heavy artillery looking Brink in the face we bet they got their own way. Behind the guns are instructors Stubblefield, Grant, Binkley, Winkler and Brinton.

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 1

warm rooms and a cooling public bath called a swimming pool.

Lo, there were some of the visitors who even preferred the pool to gambling in the mighty waves of the Ocean, and among them were fancy divers of great repute, Cuthbertson and Quesenberry. The former disported himself from a springing board set three meters above the water, into which he would drop with his knees doubled up behind him. The latter was an agile soul who flung himself from the heights of a platform set ten meters above the water, striking the same with great force. Quoth he: "It's just like diving into a pile of bricks!"

Cangley Fears Not

But there was an ocean-lover in their midst whose athletic prowess they had all underestimated because he had a wealth of gray hair. And he was named Cangley. It was his wont to plow through the mountainous seas and let their white crests break over his head and shoulders, though this beating by the water endangered his collar bone. But he feared not and fared well.

Yet another class of travelers was present and they were called "beach lizards" for they spent nearly all of their days basking in the sun on the sands. Among them was Boskin, who was long and lean. Indeed, it was said of him that he was required to stand in the same spot twice to cast a shadow.

'Sunfair

In his company was another

basker called Burt, from the Field of Dorr. Burt, not realizing the strength of the sun, stayed out in it too long, and received for his laxity a severe burn which pained him deeply. The others, seeing his agony, prescribed an ointment of vinegar to soothe the searing skin, and he soon smelled of an odor akin to a pickle factory. However, the ointment relieved his suffering, and he went about saying: "Great prophets have risen among us!"

On the evening of the third day all were invited to a social affair called a "tea." At the tea the men were sorely vexed, for they had voracious appetites, having fasted and swum since noon, and they knew not how to make one cup of tea and two cookies satisfy their needs. Accordingly, many endeavored to purloin an extra cookie or two, when no one was looking, and thus succeeded in partially filling their empty stomachs. Indeed, this was not bad food, being better than most of their other meals which lacked, among other things, abundance.

Lo, Festivities

On the night of the fourth day was held the party which was mentioned before. Here there was much good food, as each received a whole chicken, broiled to a savory tenderness, and accompanied by fresh peas of a rich shade of green, and potatoes fried in deep fat after the manner of the French. Then there followed dancing and much merrymaking, despite the heat which caused large drops of sweat to come out on all present. This was a damp shame as it did con-

siderable damage to the clothing of the dancers. But they heeded it not and went on dancing.

Other days followed in like fashion until the seventh day. At this time more troubles were visited upon the travelers. One, named Denault, was driving a horseless carriage belonging to another, named Moomey, and while negotiating to set the carriage against the curb (called "parking"), behold—an old car already set by the curb moved, and there was screeching and scratching of steel as the right rear fender of Moomey's car was seriously torn.

Fought Not, Neither Did They Sue

But these men, being good friends of one another, fought not over the mishap, but settled their differences quietly like gentlemen. The same evening, several of the group hired a boat to go out to the sea and fish on the next day, and having closed the deal, proceeded to disport themselves at a roller skating rink. Here, each attached to his feet a set of wheels and endeavored to maintain an upright position as he rolled about the arena.

All went well until some dastardly publican dropped a fresh wad of flavored tree sap—called chewing gum—on the floor and this writer and his wife contacted the gum and lost their upright position. So adroit was the loss that the wife sustained a fractured wrist, eliminating her from the fishing trip the next day. But she wept not, only murmuring words about him who dropped the gum

on the floor, evidently knowing him well since she referred to him frequently as "Sebastian."

And They Cast Upon the Waters

Accounts of the fishing trip were varied and colorful. Trying to emulate the success enjoyed the previous day by Bucky (the Pharisee) Miller and Man Mountain Kitkowski—who hooked a sailfish, a barracuda, and several amberjacks—this party netted twelve fish, mostly dolphin and bonito. Great indeed were the talents of Quesenberry and Cuthbertson, the Divers, as well as those of Gaynele, the wife of Cuthbertson, for they caught many fish apiece.

And generous indeed was Gaynele who, seeing that Cangley—a fisherman of the old school—had caught only one, stood by the rail of the vessel and proceeded to feed the fish in abundance, hoping to attract more to the hook of Cangley. Alas, it was in vain for he caught no more, and all returned to the inn tired and baked by the sun.

Turning Homeward

Leaving the inn at the end of the vacation was sad indeed for the travelers. They had made many friends and had had many good times. Still, all were glad to get back to work to get rested from the vacation. They brought back gifts for their fellows, among which was a packet of bubble bath for one who was known as Bathless to his intimates. It was flavored with spice in the hope that it would attract him to the joys of the tub.

In the meanwhile, several things had taken place in Arcadia. One of the soldier-officers in the service of his country in the far-off land of Maryland returned to the Field of Carlstrom where he had dwelt before; his name was Jim Beville, and he held the rank of Lieutenant. Still another, higher officer visited the Field and he was a Colonel named Drake; of him it is said that he has been nearly three-score years in his country's service—truly a record to be proud of.

Handsome and Magnificent

A new officer had been sent to Carlstrom also, a Lieutenant Wood; a handsome and magnificent specimen of an officer and a man, he is possessed of a personality calculated to make the hearts of the ladies oscillate violently. And, wonder of wonders, the Temple of Learning bowling team won their first two league games—a victory of great importance and rare repetition. Ave, Ground School! We who are about to bowl salute you!



This is Artist Joe William's idea of Kay Bramlitt, collecting news for the following column.

AT CARLSTROM

by Kay Bramlitt

Lt. Jim Beville returned to Carlstrom Field last week after an absence of several months. Lt. Beville has been at Fort Washington, Md., during this time, and his

many friends at Carlstrom and in Arcadia welcome him back.

We are all sorry to learn that Mr. Tom Davis, our genial barracks and grounds maintenance superintendent, is seriously ill. Tom was taken ill on the job last week and is now in a Miami hospital. We all wish him a very speedy recovery, and are looking forward to seeing him back on the job shortly.

Ribs and Ribs

Last Thursday night Ryan's Swimming Pool in Arcadia was the scene of a rib-roast and swimming party for the Graduating Classes of Cadets at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields. Altogether, about 150 Cadets and guests attended, and all admitted having a swell time. (We who know Ye Ed and his weakness for rib-roasts, all send regrets that he couldn't be there, too). The menu consisted of RIBS (in abundance), cole slaw, potato salad, baked beans, pickles, potato chips, and rolls. Oh yes, and didn't we hear one Cadet say that the water was the best he had tasted since he had been in Florida?!

LATEST IN OFFICE EFFICIENCY: A new, super-deluxe Coca-Cola machine has been installed in the Administration building. Just think of the time and energy

saved now that the office girls don't have to walk down to the Canteen for drinks.

Pointers

Sterling Camden has just arrived back at Carlstrom after attending the Central Instructors' School at Maxwell Field. According to Jack Hunt, he is full of news that will definitely benefit every single person on the flying line. Andy Minichiello left this morning for Maxwell Field to attend the same school, and he will, no doubt, come back with numerous good pointers on how to increase efficiency on the flight line.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS:

Carlstrom was glad to have as visitors during the past week Mr. Ed. China, Purchasing Agent, who had not been here in "sooooo long"; Joe Horton, Maintenance Superintendent, who still likes Arcadia better than Miami!; Mr. Drake, representative of the Maryland Casualty Company. "Boss" RIDDLE was on the Field, too, but only for overnight. Come back again soon, folks, the "Welcome" mat is always on the doorstep.

We're glad to see that Lt. John E. Clonts is back again. He has been up at Maxwell Field, also, but we hope he'll be here for a while now.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Time has rolled around, chillens, to announce the winner of the second prize in our Embry-Riddle cross-word puzzle contest. The first, remember, went to Mrs. Nate Reese in Arcadia.

The second prize, or \$2.00, goes to the person sending in the correct answer from the greatest distance before July 31. And the lucky winnah is none other than Mrs. Samuel M. Lightholder, mama of Mickey, and new mama to Betty Hair Lightholder whose name appeared at the top of the puzzle.

Mrs. Lightholder hails from Union, New Jersey. Congratulations!

And It Ain't Even Spring!

More wedding bells have been ringing since we last went to press. We hear tell that Johnny Fouche, Chief Dispatcher at Municipal and one of our correspondents, tied the knot last week to Marilyn Spencer of Miami. Best of luck, Johnny, and congratulations.



Sure—why not? Want to find your place in the sun, don't you? Want to follow a career that takes you where opportunity knocks the hardest and the longest, don't you? Then look to aviation, mister!

What branch of this unlimited field interests you most? Do you want to build 'em, fly 'em or keep 'em flying? Embry-Riddle, with its wide range of 41 courses, can give you the training which points the way to real progress in one of the world's fastest growing industries. Get all the facts and plan to get started on your career—and soon!



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Miss Caroline Hendry
Arcadia, Fla.